

Humorous Department

Very Poor Writing.—A killed regiment, while on the march in a part of Scotland, halted for a Sunday of rest at a remote village in the Highlands, and some of the brave laddies were killed on the inhabitants.

One old lady had to find a lodging for two of the soldiers, Sandy and Tom, and she was delighted to know they were going to the kirk in the evening. She herself was unable to go, and her pleasure increased when one of her guests, who happened to be an accomplished writer of short hand, promised to tell her everything that the minister said in his sermon, although she had her doubts as to how he would be able to remember it all.

The two "killed" came back from church, and Sandy read the sermon from his note-book, to the admiration and astonishment of his landlady, who had never heard of shorthand, and could not understand how anyone could write as fast as the minister spoke.

When Sandy had finished and the good lady had expressed her thanks for the privilege of having the sermon read to her, he took her by the hand and had been reading from, she seemed much disappointed, however, because she could make nothing of it.

At last, after a close inspection of the mystic signs, she said to the blushing warrior:

"You're a grand laddie and a vera good reader, but I must tell ye, and I I was your own father I would have to admit it, ye're the very worst writer I ever came across."—London Observer.

Indisputably a Phenomenon.—"What is a phenomenon?" asked one workman of another. This enlightening definition is quoted in Young's Magazine:

"It is like this: Suppose you were to go into the country and see a field of thistles growing."

"Yes."

"Well, that wouldn't be a phenomenon."

"No; that's quite clear," agreed the other man.

"But suppose you were to see a lark singing away up in the sky?"

"Yes."

"Well, that wouldn't be a phenomenon."

"No; that also seems clear."

"But imagine there is a bull in the field?"

"Yes."

"Even that wouldn't be a phenomenon."

"No."

"That, now, Bill, look here. Suppose you saw that bull sitting on them thistles and whistling like a lark—well, that would be a phenomenon."

"The Only Polite Thing To Do.—In the security of food from which the whole world is suffering, we have heard addition to the bill of fare. When that suggestion is acted upon, the answer of the school child, who as an English periodical says, was one of a class that showed extraordinary ignorance on the subject of whales, may seem less amusing.

"Come! come!" said the teacher patiently, when no one of the class was able to tell her anything about whales.

"What do we do with the whale?"

"There was a silence, and then a small hand was raised.

"Please, teacher," a timid voice ventured, "we have them on the side of our plates."—Current Events.

Harry Punt, the British humorist, at a gathering of artists was asked to make a speech on art.

"Gentlemen," he said, "in a company like the present, I feel it is incumbent upon me to say something on the subject of painting. The only painting I ever did was when I encained the bathroom. My friends said to me: 'My good fellow, it's no use of your going in for painting unless you stick to your work.' Well, I did."—Life.

It was Too Much.—"I survived the shock all right," said Jones, "when I discovered that the marble was faked, and the mahogany imitation, the butter colored, the oriental rugs made in Hackensack and the Panama hats in Philadelphia—but this is too much."

"What is too much?"

"Why, Sir has just told me that mother made those great pumpkin pies of hers out of squashes."—Judge.

"They say Rogers is crazy on the subject of golf and his wife is equally crazy over auction sales."

"Yes, and the funny part of it is they both talk in their sleep. The other night a lodger in the next flat heard Rogers snore 'Fore' and immediately Mrs. Rogers yelled 'Four' and a quarter."—Punch.

"Doppel married one of the Doderly girls. They are twins, you know, and the neighbors used to say they couldn't tell them apart."

"It's easy enough to tell them apart now."

"How so?"

"The one Doppel married always wears such a disgusted look."—Puck.

"Every man in your office is in love with the stenographer."

"What of it?"

"I wouldn't have that sort of thing going on."

"Why should I object? Not a man has lost a day this year. Not even baseball attracts them."—Puck.

"Since you worked your example so nicely," said the pretty teacher, "I shall give you a kiss."

"Teacher, I didn't know there was to be a reward," responded the honest urchin. "It's only fair to tell you that my big brother did them sums."—Los Angeles Times.

"What's a mistake with Githers?"

"He has a mistaken conception of his duty as a citizen."

"Yes."

"He won't put his shoulder to the wheel. He wants other people to do that, while he stands on one side and jots down the number of revolutions it makes."—Washington Post.

"I understand Jobbies gives his wife every cent he earns."

"Poor woman!"

"Why do you say that?"

"The money Jobbies actually earns wouldn't keep the average woman supplied with talcum powder."—Life.

Told Him What to Do.—"My cocoa's cold," sternly announced the gruff old gentleman to the waitress.

"Well, put your hat on then," she suggested sweetly.—Life.

GREAT IS RED CROSS

Private Peat Tells About It As He Knows.

From the Red Cross Magazine.

Private Peat, a young Canadian, went overseas with the first Canadian contingent. He fought all through the war, and he was in the thick of it, right at Ypres where Canadians made history and saved civilization. Finally an explosive bullet laid him low, and he lay on the battlefield for fifty-two hours, at death's door; yet with a sublime trust in God he never lost faith that he would be saved. This faith in a Divine Providence which underlies the rough exterior of the soldier is most splendidly emphasized in the following article, sent in by him, "Private Peat—His Own Story," perhaps the most absorbing of soldier tales that the war has produced so far.

—The Editors.

Write me an article on the softer aspects of war," said an editor to me the other day.

It is not possible. There are no truly softer aspects of war. All of war is killing, and maiming, hurting and mutilating. All of war is rough. Yet underneath the roughness of war there is, at least in the Allied countries, a stratum of sentiment, of refinement, of goodness, of truth and of the finer, better, truer emotion which is the outcome of this War of Wars.

It is not a normal life this one of fighting. Every instinct of the allied soldier is for peace, quiet, and undisturbed career in chosen trade or profession, or it may be in hobby or research. The average man reaches France comparatively little roughened by his experience in the camps. In the home he has still something of the home influence. He sees his women folk on occasions. He is associating at times with men yet in civilian life. He has not had to defend himself from killing foe. He has not as yet had to kill.

The average man gets to France, in the camps there conditions are very much as they were at home. The work is harder, the discipline yet more rigid. There is nothing of feminine influence. There is no association with persons who recall days of civilian life. It is a world of men, at men's work, peopled with men.

The little meetics of life vanish. He forgets that once he could not take a meal without a serviette and a finger-bowl. All that remains to him, and increases as time goes on, is his instinct to protect all that he has with the greater spirit of comradeship and good-fellowship between man and man.

It is a matter of wonder—world wonder—that the Allied soldier who has seen red murder done by the Hun, who has seen the mutilated bodies of men, women, and of children, yet secures as tenderly the wounded enemy as he does his comrade in the ranks. It is not of uncommon occurrence for an Allied soldier to risk his own life to bring in the helpless, though still-breathing form of a fallen foe. This is where proof positive is found that the roughness of fighting man is only a surface discoloration. It is not deep; it is not permanent. In his heart, deep down in the soul of him, the soldier of today, the modern crusader, the man of the ordinary of everyday affairs who is fighting for an ideal, a principle and a right, is as the little "cockney" soldier would say a bit of "orlick."

What higher praise can man have? Our Anglo-Saxon language is curiously devoid of eulogistic terms. We have no words in which to express our admiration of our fellow-man. We leave it to feelings, and thoughts and inarticulate actions. We are an inarticulate race. But how we feel! How we honor the man who is "orlick-right!"

Soldiers do not pray in the trenches on their knees. I was only known one soldier who prayed. He did so every time the shells came across from the enemy lines. When the guns ceased to play, or when we were back in billets, his language and his bearing were no better, nor were they perhaps as good as those of the rest of us. We have no use for "death-bed" repentance on the battlefield. We do not know at what moment our eternal trumpet may sound. We are always ready in our souls for the great "last post," the "taps" as the United States army has it.

In the trenches the boys compare the merits of their mothers. It is a wonder, a thing that only a mother-lover which surrounds us, bleeds us and leads us to higher things. We gather together in the trench and an American mother cries and faints when he left, quietly drops out. He never shows his letters, for home, because it is so good, so writes him laments and moanings. But those of us who have a home courage of the war talk—how we boast! Mother is a might factor in the winning of this war.—Private Peat.

Yet, the huts of the Y. M. C. A. are crowded at every service. There will be the service for the Roman Catholic on one hour, and for the various Protestant denominations at another. The chaplain is a man, for we, in all probability, will have seen him show his mettle as a fighting man when emergency is called, at any rate we will know him as a brave man, without cant and without prejudice, no matter what his cloth. We listen to him, we respect him and we learn from him, but I don't say that we will not swear immediately the service is over. To us the soldiers who have been "there," to those of us who have suffered and who know, one of the basest of base columns which the German propagandist scatters abroad is the slurs against the Red Cross.

On the battlefield we do not actively think of the organization as the Red Cross. To us it is but a branch of the army—the army medical corps, the R. A. M. C. But we know full well that the Red Cross is working through them, that the one insignia is the honor bar of all.

Your son is gone for ever—if he is an officer, his life is of one day's length from the time he reaches the trenches.

How many times have parents anxiously asked me if that were true. "You are bound to lose your boy." The mother will come to me with tears in her eyes and repeat that statement.

Yes; mother, you will lose your boy—lose him most assuredly, but your son will come back to you a man. Luck may have it that he "gets his" within an hour or so of going into the trenches. The great chance is that he will be there for days and may be months, and the greater chance is that he will not be killed, but get

wounded. Of the fatal casualties in the Canadian troops for three years of fighting, and three years of fighting such as cannot be repeated, those have been only 5 per cent of the total. Only 5 per cent in three years of all those men have been killed.

Of the four and a half million odd of casualties which have occurred in three years of fighting, only 2-1-2 per cent of the men have died of wounds. Learn those facts by heart. They are indisputable—Ottawa, London, or Washington will supply you with the same figures. When the insidious story of the German snake reaches you, think these facts in the teeth of it.

Today, the casualties of necessity must be less. Three years ago, two years ago, one and a half years ago, we were forced to throw half-trained and partially equipped troops into the field against a foe which had had four years of strenuous and scientific preparation. Today we are prepared. Our three years of holding the foe back with one hand, and getting ready with the other hand, have been full and fertile. We have succeeded. We have the foe where we wanted him. We have still a long, tedious, difficult job ahead of us to complete the victory, but with trained men, finished equipment, and plentiful munitions, allied to our stout hearts and our indomitable courage, we must win.

There must be victory before there is peace.

Your boy is not bound to die, nor yet is he bound to be physically incapacitated for all his days, but he is offering all gladly for the ultimate triumph which civilization must have.

Why do the wounded not die?

We do not die because we have such infinite faith and hope and trust.

We do not die because we are firmly convinced of the infallibility of the Red Cross.

We soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men. We are men with men's faults and weaknesses and frailties. Folks, remember when you think of these things, that we are your men, that we are your fighting men; that we are offering ourselves for your sakes. Folks, have mercy as God himself has mercy. Look below the roughened surface as God in Heaven looks below the scarred and blackened tissue that covers a heart which is true.

Our soldiers are not saints. We do not set up to be models of humanity. We are men.